## TRAGEDIES OF STAGE LIFE. ACTORS LAUGH AND JOKE THOUGH

THEIR HEARTS BREAK. and Incidents which Come Under a Mann ger's Dheervation-Talegrams and Letter Bet Bolivered to Actors till After the Play Lent They Bear Bad News,

During one of the entr'actes of a performmee at an up-town theatre the other night a Bun reporter was talking with the manager of the company. A messenger boy dashed into the lobby with a telegram. The doorkeeper looked at the address on it and pointed to the

"It's directed to the stage door," said-the messenger as he delivered it, "but they pouldn't let me pass there."

The reporter saw, as the manager glanced at the name on the envelope, that it was for one of the principals in the play. The manager called an usher and gave him the telegram. saying: "See that this gets to Miss —— after her last scene in the last act. Mind you, not

Please put the time I was delayed at the "All right, my boy," said the manager. "But het me tell you one thing. Never try to deliver a telegram at the stage door of a well regulated beatre. You're sure to be sent to the manager: for any doorkeeper who'd allow a tele-grem to be given to any one concerned in the representation, before the curtain is down on the last act, would get the grand bounce."

"Don't you permit telegrams to be delivered to actors before the performance is over?" No: nor letters either. The rule has to be dhered to by managers, or they would often

Well, take this telegram as an example. It may contain information that some close relative—father or mother perhaps—of the actress to whom it's addressed is very sick, or has met with some terrible accident, or is dead. Sup-pose it did and I allowed it to be handed to the across now. She would probably be prostrated scress now. She would probably be prostrated and unable to go on with the part. It would be secessary to stop the performance. Should any misfortune have befallen any one dear to ber I shall sympathize deeply with her, but the performance must go on. We manugers and sectors are the servants of the public, and no matter what our crivate griefs may be manby misfortune have brailen any one dear to ber I shall sympathize deeply with her, but the performance must go on. We managers and sclore are the servants of the public, and no matter what our private griefs may be managers have to work, and actors have to smile if their part requires it. Look at toor Daily, who directed every detail in the production of a new play white his two boys lay dead at home."

"That's sad enough," said the reporter: but, after all, it doesn't seem as and as the bit of an actor who is merry and making others laugh, unconscious that death has stricken down some one near and dear."

"Yes, you're right. The very unconsciousness of his actions make the circumstances appear all the sadder. One of the saddest cases I've heard of was that of a prominent comic opers singer, who went through a dashing role, while we held in our effice the telegram which announced that her husband had committed suicide."

"Then, actors often have to appear immediately after and occurrences, which would drive other reading and the realizations of the realizations.

"Then, actors often have to appear immediately after sad occurrences, which would drive other people into retirement, don't they?"

Yes, very often, and especially those in the lower ranks of the profession, whose lot is menvishes at its best. I remember well the case of a poor young woman I had in one of my companies a few years ago, who had been deserted by a reckless husband, and whose sole toy in life was a little bow. She played small soubrette parts. Whenever her duties took her on the road the child went with her. No mother could have been more devoted to her boy, and no boy more devoted to his mother. They were inseparable. One night the woman came to the theatre very pale. Her boy was very sick, she said. The next three or four nights her face told a sadder and saider story. On Saturday, at the matine, I knew from her looks that the boy must be in a very bad way. She arrived promptly for the evening's performance. Her line were compressed, and her face were a look of great determination. It was evident that her pervous system was at a trem-indous tension. One of the stage hands told me, when I went behind the scenes, that the little boy had ded soon after the matines. Well, everything went all right till she came to a comic song. In the midst of that she broke down, and ran weeping

from the stage."

Didn't you have to stop the play?"

Yes, and refund the money from the box office. I had no under study for the part, or you may be sure she wouldn't have been obliged to appear at all after her boy was taken down. I know of another case where a woman singing in a traveiling comic overa company got a telegram at her hotel just as she was getting ready to start for the theatre, announcing that her husband, a well-known actor in the weet, had committed suicide. Yet she had to go on the stage and act her part. She's playing in this city now. Not long ago a popular comedian undertook the production of a new play in Boston. The night of the performance he came to the theatre, leaving at home a dead child and a wife to whom he had bidden what they had thought a last farewell, as the doctor had told him she hadn't two hours to live. The play was a miserable failure. It seemed as though the comedian might be driven mad by misfortune. But to his unspeakable joy he found his wife still living on his return home. By what the doctor pronounced a miracle she recovered, but neither she nor he has forgotten the misery of their parting that night. The leading man of Mary Anderson's company went on the stage of a Washington theatre under the same creumstances. During the performance telegrams came from Batimore that his wife was improving. Just before he want on for the stage."
dn't you have to stop the play?" awashington theatre under the same circumstances. During the performance telegrams came from Battimore that his wife was improving. Just before he want on for his best scene in the last act a telegram was handed to him. He opened it hastily, expecting even before news. He saw the announcement of his wife's death two hours earlier. Just then his cue came, and he went on the stage. It seems that almost the last works of his wife were instructions that telegrams containing words of cheer about the sent to him up to a certain time, when she thought the performance would be over, and that not till then should the telegram announcing her death be transmitted to him. By some oversight the last desacted was sent haif an hour too soon. I could go on and tell you dozans of equally sad cases—how the lives of comedians are shortened by domestic grief, how women leave a festive banquet scene for the death bed of a husband or child.

Of course a manager sees so much misfortune that after a while only the suddest cases make an impression upon him. Yet I always feel sorry when misfortune overtakes any one of the 'extra girls' or 'super ladies' employed about theatres. They are plucky women who, as a rule, are the support of some poor relatives. It seems to me as if fate could afferd to spare them, but it doesn't. I ou remember that some time ago in one of our theatres a platform upon which a number of super ladies were standing gave way, and that one of them was severely hurt. That woman a supported from her carrings a poor blind husband and several children.

woman supported from her carrièrge apoor blind husband and several children. Since her injury she hasn't been able to work, and the actors' fund won't help her because she has sued the manager. Another and case is that of a woman who has two children to support. Formerly she could live quite nicely, for her husband made considerable money as an actor. One night after returning from the theatre he began a letter to her, for he was then with a travening company. The next morning his mangical bedy was found at the bottom of the clevator shaft. The unfinished letter by on the table. He must have stepped out into the half and through the elevator door, which had carelessly been left open.

"I often think, when I hear of amateurs who aspire to go on the stage, that if they only knew how little glitter there was behind the beenes, and how many breaking hearrs beneath milling faces, they would never care to learn more of the theatre than they can see from the suditorium."

## TO RECOVER LOST PROPERTY.

\$ to Necessary to Offer Prompily a Reward of Our-fourth of its Value. "How is it that Tiffany & Co. so often adsertise rewards for the return of stolen proper-

was asked of a member of the firm. We do it for the convenience of our customars," he replied. "They don't want to have all tinds of people running to their houses. They ering a description of the lost or stolen proparty to us and authorize us to pay a certain reward. It is impossible to deceive us by the substitution of paste for real diamonds, and substitution of paste for real diamonds, and we cannot be deceived into taking a fraudusent article of any kind. When the lost article is brought in we examine it to ind if it is all right, and if so, we pay the reward without asking a question. If is possible that thieves know this, and have little fear of detection in dealing with us, although we never advertise no questions asked. We have offered rewards of from \$3 to \$1,000, and in nearly every instance we have recovered the property. The average reward is one-quarter of the intrinsic value of the property. That is as much as the thief or finder could hope to sell it for, and by bringing it to us he avoids the danger of getting into trouble. If less is offered, or if the loser waits too long, there is very little chance of recovering lost property. The finder may watch for a reward for three days, but after that he considers it fladings—keepings. If a thief, he pawns it or meits it up.

"Occasionally respectable people find a value"

er meits it up.

Occasionally respectable people find a valuable article of jeweiry, and we advertise for the owner, and when he comes we make him describe the article very carefully before we surrender it. An immense amount of property is lost every year in New York, and much of it is never recovered because the losers do not make the proper afforts to de sa.

INFORMATION THROWN AWAY.

The Learned Coffee and Cake Man Player Bie Brink with Vata Instruction. In several of the large open spaces along the East River water front which are called slips are little wooden shantles. They are used as coffee and cake saloons. The proman, who fills in the time which is not used in making change by reading newspapers and second-hand books, which he buys at a stall not far away. All his patrons call him John If he has any other name none of them has

ever learned it.
"John," said a big Irishman who was feeding on coffee and crullers, yesterday, "did iver yez hear of Christopher Columbus?" "Yes," said the old man, taking off his glasses and wining them on his shirt sleeve. "Do ye moind what a mutiny the men kicked afore he got across ?"

"Yes."
"Well, now, that 'ere mutiny all come of Coister what he sint into the galley."

Then the Irishman stirred his coffee and winked expressively. The old man adjusted his glasses over his nose and said:

"Pat, you're a rascal, and you shall have another cup free. But let me tell you that Col umbus didn't have any coffee into any of his ships. Nobody in the civilized world had then heard of coffee. There is a legend that many bundred years ago, before the time of Colum-bus, a monk, who had offended his brethren in some Arabian monastery, was banished to the desert plains around their huge atone house, and left there to die. In his hunger he tried to eat the hard, dry berries that hung on a wild shrub that grew all over the plains. When first ripened, the berries, he knew, were sweet and good, but the season was nest. He pounded them into powder, and finsily, for the sake of variety, he rosated them and boiled them in an earthen pot to make a stew. The stew was good and refreshing, and to this day Arabian coffee is made thick like a stew. When his brethren saw him wandering about the plains having a good time and refusing to starve to death, they concluded that they had made a mistake. They were confirmed in this conclusion when they called him in, and found what an excellent article for the table he had discovered."

"What are ye givin' us? Didn't they know desert plains around their huge atons house, what are ye givin us? Didn't they know of it when Columbus salied thin?"

No. News didn't travel fast in those days. Coffee reached the Mediterranean in 1524 and Paris in 1714, and from there it spread to the West Indies and South America. Pat, do youknow what coffee grows on?"

"New!"

"Weil, it grows on a bush with a gray bart. The bush sometimes grows into a tree thirty.

"Naw."

"Well, it grows on a bush with a gray bark. The bush sometimes grows into a tree thirty feet high, but on the piantations it is trimmed into a strub not over live feet high, with branches drooning down like these of an apple tree. The flowers grow in beautiful white bunches, and clusters of bright red berries take their places. When the berries take their places. When the berries are ripe they are picked off, if grown in America, and are spread out on the ground five inches deep in the sunlight, where they ferment and dry. Then the skins and dried pulp are pounded off in weeden mortars or are rubbed off between wooden rollers, and then the kernels, two to every berry, drop out. Pat, you're an ignorant rascal. You don't know good coffee when you get it. In Arabia the planters do not pick the berries at all. No pelting rains fall there to knock them off of the bushes, and so they are allowed to hang on the bushes until a touch will disloting them. Then the planters scread cloths under the trees and shake the dried berries from the branches. Don't you see how much better the coffee kernels must be when cured in that way rather than when fermented as well as a delicate flavor as well as attend in the say rather than when fermented as well as dried in heaps? Pat, I use Arabian coffee. It has a delicate flavor as well as attendth. You are accustomed to the rank stuff from South America, that retails at 18 cents a pound. If you just patronize me and get educated you would know more. Pat."

"True for vez. John." said Pat, paying his bill: "but phat Oim kickin" about is the Arabian stew out av a barrel av the "xtramely delicate flavor ye serve us for coffee, bad cess to yez."

Easy-going Americans Permit Them to Be "Nobody seems to know," said the head waiter of a fashionable up-town restaurant, "how much more difficult it is to keep waiters under control and in proper training here than I was imported especially to take charge of the of them under my control ever since I came here I changed men constantly. I did not realize what I have since found out, that American diners are the best-natured men on earth. as to the ordinary guesta who drop in from tendance that would drive Frenchmen into easy-going air that nothing can ruffle. The If I don't watch them very closely It takes a remarkably short time, you know, to spoil a good waiter. I have often watched them run down. If I chance to get a good man from Paris he is conspicuous here as soon as he puts on his apron. He assumes attitudes of humbleness and respect, is polite to a fault, quick, dexterous, and shows a desire to pease in every movement. He gets out of these habits in just about a month. Not only do the other waiters spoil him by their example and the a talk, but the guesta themselves, by their entency and good nature, soon teach him lazy habits. A very good illustration of how some of our guests treat our waiters occurred here to-day. The well-known ciub men make it a point to breakfast here every morning at 12 o'clock. They have a table by one of the windows, and are waited on by a careful and conscientious man of German extraction. One of the genetiemen got here this morning a little ahead of the other, and following out the present custom of Americans, he growled out a few agreeable remarks to the waiter. Thoreupon the waiter joyfully unfoided his heart to him, and to d him that his only ambition was to leave the occupation of waiter and start a little layer beer saloon of his own somewhere up on the road. The young swell pretended to take a great interest in the waiter's ambition, and when his friend came in they went to work very earneally to assure the man that a very rich friend of theirs, a leading banker in the Union Club, had set up four or five men in lager beer saloons, and so they each wrote out long letters of introduction on the stoot and signed them with the names of some other club men, on whom they occasionally play jokes. Probably neither one of them know the banker to whom they introduced the waiter. They have told this poor Dutchman to insist upon seeing the banker at 7 o'clock next Sanday morning. The chances are that he will be thrown out of the house when he calle. This is now he every good practical joke, and probably the young men, will ease the waiter's feelings by presenting him with a 55 note when the expensire comes. I know all to spoil a good waiter. I have often watch them run down. If I chance to get a good man

## JOHN BROWN'S SCAFFOLD FOR SALE. Mr. Barnum has Opportunities-Offers of Monstreetites Received Daily.

BRIDGEPORT, July 10 .- When Mr. Barnum took his mail from the Post Office the other day he handed a number of letters which he had received to a SUN reporter. According to these letters a two-legged hog in Tennesse wants a position, or could be bought outright scribed and offered at a reasonable flaure.

married eight years and has three babies of land that her husband may go into the hen

of land that her husband may go into the hen business. Her husband comes of a family who for hundreds of years "have never drank, smoked, nor chewed."

An Alabama fortune hunter desires to part with a haifbreed Jersey caif, six weeks old, having a leg attached to each side of its neck.

Mr. Barnum is asked to purchase from a Massachusetts speculator a five-legged helfor calf, seven weeks old, with three separate toes on the fifth leg. The few neighbors who have seen it would not leave until they had paid half a dollar each.

An Indian Tarritors resident

seen it would not leave until they had paid half a dollar cach.

An Indian Territory resident has twenty at histic Indian ball players under his eye, and the novel manner of their playing would prove successful if Mr. Barnum would only give the ball the first plich by an investment.

From Pennsylvania comes "the discovery of an invention" that will, in the projector's mind, surprise the people. He proposes to build in New York an lee skating rink, freezing a surface by means of pipes containing a chemical mixture. If Barnum will "go in" it must be a success, as it is "very aimple."

A calf with two perfect heads and a lamb with two perfect codless may be bought cheap for cash of a Connecticut lad.

The seaffold on which John Brown was hung can be had for a consideration not named in a West Virginia letter

FEW BIG ROBBERIES NOW DISTRUST AMONG THE BIG THIEVES

lesse who Are Dely Too Gind to Bee Other Behind the Bare-Pences Useful to the Palice-Recovering Stales Property.

"Maybe you've noticed that there haven't been a great many big robberies taking place lately," said an old detective. "In fact there lately," said an old detective, "In fact there hasn't been a real big job done for several kept the run of the big criminals, for there are of the very men who planned and helped exeof the very men who planned and neeped ex-cute some of the biggest and most daring bur-glaries on record. But they seem to have lost their nerve, or lack the confidence in each other that they used to have. And they have reason for that lack of confidence, too, because many of the jobs that have been done lately have been given away to the police.

"The beaviest blow to the criminal fraterni-

ty around these parts was the killing of John-ny the Mick, in Shang Draper's saloon, just after the Mick had shot dead Johnny Irving, the burglar. There's a long story behind that that never came out, and the circumstances that brought about the row, in which these two men died, might throw a little light on the big thieves, and which has divided the crim inal fraternity (I mean the fraternity of great criminals) into two parts, either of which would be only too glad to see the other behind iron bars. or John Walsh, which is his real name, was

drinking in Shang Draper's saloon, how Irving suddenly appeared and blazed away at him with his platel at short range, and how Waish coolly placed the glass from which he was drinkgain time to pull out his own platol, and then the scene Waish was lying dead, too, with three bulists in him, which had not been fired from Irving's pistol. Burglar Billy Porter, Irving's partner, was arrested just outside of the sacon, and his revolver had three empty shells that fitted the buliets found in Waish. He was tried for Waish's murder, but the bartender, a son of Jimmy Hope, the bank burglar! William Vestourgh, who is called 'father of thieves,' and Real Leary and Draper, who were all there, sympathized with the faction to which Porter and Irving belonged, and they gave testimony that influenced the jury to acquit Porter. Abe Coakiny, who was a triend of Waish, said on the night of the shooting that Porter had killed Waish, and, though he was Waish's friend, he thought it better not to mix up in the case. Maybe he believed that Porter would be convicted without his aid, for the case looked strong enough to convict any one.

"All this bears strongly on the feeling among the big crooks to-day, Wash had 'many friends, for he was bold and daring, and generous as well, and these friends were bitter, not only against Porter, but a so against Porter's friends. The division into ciques had already taken place, but this widened it, so that hostifity became bitter empity. I was at Wash's funeral and a he was levered into the ground his professional friends withdraw from the smily and kneit together a little distance away, and when the earth rattled down on the ceffin their mose had an expression that did not bele well for the man who had caused the funeral. Porter hadn't been tried then, and was locked up in the Tombs. A soon as he was acquitted he skipped to Europe siong with Steeney Milke, and if he his aince come back nobody knows atout it. Jury be he thinks it wise to remain there.

But to come to the cause of the first split. the scope Walsh was lying dead, too, with three

he was acquitted he skipped to Europe slong with Sheeney Mike, and if he has since come back nobedy knows about it. May be he thinks it wise to remain there.

But to come to the cause of the first split. Waish and Irving and Porter had done a job together in Phasleipnia. The blunder was worth about \$2,000, and it was left with Waish to convert into cash. Then Porter and Irving were arrested. They said that Waish had given them away, but he had not, for he was not the kind of a man to go back on a friend. He helped them to escape, but they were not even then convinced that he had not done even then convinced that he had acted squarely. At least they said so, It was from that time the split began. Some say that Porter hated Waish because he was jealous of him on account of a woman, and that the treachery accupation was only a blind. Irving and Porter were inseparable, and, although Porter was the moving spirit Irving swore to kill Waish. He had drawn a pistol on him before the affray in Draper's, but had been disarmed.

The breaking up of Mother Mandelbaum's fence, the detective confined of, also hurt the business of the crooks. But lately even Mother Mandelbaum did not take that care of her criminal children as she did ten vears ago. She got the handle of mother from the fact that she not only bought the stolen goods, but often furnished money to the burglars. It was she who arranged for the scape of Porter and Irving, who at one time were her favorites, from the Crow Hill prison. But lately Mother Mandelbaum did not take that care of her criminal children as she did ten vears ago. She got the handle of mother from the fact that she not only bought the stolen goods, but often furnished money to the burglars. It was she who arranged for the scape of Porter and Irving, who at one time were her favorites, from the Crow Hill prison. But lately Mother Mandelbaum did not take that care of her ends the took advantage of it without much questioning. There are other fences in town now, and I could name them if I wanted t thing in the world to identify stolen goods, and the other is that the police find these

and the other is that the police find these fences very useful.

"Big criminals have very little confidence in the fence keepers, and if they cannot sell the proceeds of their robberies, what good does it do them to rob? I am going to give you now a little of the inside history of how criminals are detected and stolen property recovered. A week or so after a robbery you often read a little notice in the daily papers like this:

"Ten track containing cast of the goods stolen from

"Two trunks containing most of the goods stolen from

A Co. a store a week ato, were found to: Detectives

in a vacant room in — street. The detectives suspected octatem men, and followed them to the house in question. When the men went away the detectives broke o, on the door and found the trunks.

The theree did not return.

"The fact that the thieves did not return is not at all astenishing, when you consider that

The theres did not return.

"The fact that the thieves did not return is not stail astensining, when you consider that they did not put the trunks in the room, and had never been near the house at all. You may ask where the goods come from? The fences. How did they get in the room? The detectives piaced them there. This is the whole operation. The fences are left alone by the police when little intrenies take piace, but when a big robbery occurs a detective, known to the fence keeper, waiks into the fence. He asks who committed the robbery, and if the fence keeper refuses to toil or does not know, he tries to find out if the fence keeper has the goods. The fence keeper nearly admit it if he has them, and in most instances tells the thief if the case is big, because he knows that his place is very likely to be shut up if he does not. If he has the goods, the detective learns what the fence keeper paid for them, and then sees the owner. He represents to him that the goods are been unrehased by an inoceent party—at least he understands so—and he thinks that he can get them back if what was paid by this innocent party is fortherming. As fences rarely pay more jhan all or if per cent, of the value of the goods, the owner is only too willing to pay the money. A few days later appears the story of the vacant room with the stolen property in trunks. The owner keeps his mouth shut, because he is requested to by the police.

"This is done where the robberles are not of gignatic proportions, when they are, if the police cannot get their information from the forces, they go to certain thieves, over whom them not confidence is weakened among the thieves. Some of the crooks, as I said before are only too anxious to tell on others."

PRANUTS ARK CHEAP.

The Crop of 1884 Reduced Prices so Mach that Many Will be Carried Over. Peanuts were high priced last year, and averaged from 10 to 10% cents a pound wholesale. These prices encouraged growers to plant heavily, and an unusually large amount of land was devoted to peanut culture. As they are harvested in October and and put into market the following year, the big crop of 1884 is now coming into market at a time 1884 is now coming into market at a time when all produce is at the very lowest ebb. The result is that the price has drooped below the cost of production, and peanuts are selling at from 3% to 5 cents a pound. They were never so cheap before. The demand is good, but the supply quite exceeds the demand. This poor market has had a marked effect on growers, and this year they have planted not more than three-fourths as much as they did last year. In Virginia and North Carolina, barely half the acreage has been planted. Peanuts can be kept good for two years after digging, and many growers are holding back in hopes of better prices. In the mean time the Italian peanut venders are growing weatthy.

Killed After Saying She Knew Semething Would Happen to Her. OLEAN, N. Y., July 11. - The widow Runnells of

People Coun'ly Resert to Rhymes to It is very unlikely that verses will be in scribed on the tombstones of the people who read this copy of THE SUR. That fashion went out of style many years ago, and the beauty of poetry is now sought to be supplanted by the beauties of carving and statuary. To find interesting obituary verse one must now bunt up the old stones in the cemeteries and pick out with difficulty the almost obliterated letters. There are many such stones in Trinity churchyard, and thousands of people each week puzz's over the meiancholy specimens of obituary verse inscribed on them. The hand of time has rubbed out many and others are fast fading away, so that hardly more than hopeful, cheerful, monitory, despairing, angry. humorous, and religious. One over David Evans, who died in 1737, is

Short was his life, tirent was his paint Much was his lo-s, Urent was his gain.

Only nine words are used in the verse. On a roken stone, with the name gone, and only the date, 1767, visible, are these verses, which are evidently over the grave of a seafaring man;

The Bereas blests and beistrous waves
Have test me to said fro,
In spite of both by Und's decree
I harbour here below.
Where I do now at ancher rids
With many of our fleet,
Te ouer again I must set sail,
By Admiral Christ to mest.

This was evidently a progenitor of the nautial religious hymns, such as "Pull for the

Boreas biasts and Neptune's waves Have tomed him to and fro, But, by the sacred will of Ood, He's ausnoved here below. The following on the grave of Catherine Wood, 1788, is in the orthodox voin: My first stail slumber in the ground Till the last trampet's joyful sound Shall burst the grave with sweet surprise and in my Satiour's longer rise.

Here is one of the affectionate type, evidently out there by a wife. It is on the stone of samuel Boyer, 1790: Rest here, my love, while I in vain deplore Thy sudden fare, and grieve thou art no mo

The friends of Ephraim Smith, who died in 1797, were evidently unreconciond to his fate when they set up this inscription:

Relentiess death, ne'er satisfied with prey, Hath enatched him in the bloom of life away. Joseph Pell, aged 6 years, who died in 1802, peaks from the grave in this style: Like as a shadow or the morning dew, My days are past and spent, which were but few; Grieve not for me, dear parents, this is van; Your loss, I hope, is my sternal gain.

Here is one of an amatory kind, over Lydia Curtis, who died in 1804: too, was died in 2004; Cold as this since is new that lovely form, The sight of which could every boson warm; Max with this earth its non-dering sales lis, An I youth and beauty, this it is to die.

The reader must decide for himself on the merits of the following epitaph over John Jones, a Welchman, who died in 1805: tiwrando ddun with fyned heibig Pel rwyter minan a fyo Lier wy fy tydi a ddewy Ymbartoa can's meru fyddy.

Tinharton can't meru (743).

The friends of James Stoutenburgh wrote the oliowing over him after he died, in 1810:

Alast how weak and feeble is the human mind when errors, ear, and fronties are all combined To rob us of our worldly joy;
Which, child en hie, we love as toys;
What little fortifule or minde do show we borne down with grief and woe.

Etc., etc., etc.,

Whe widow of John Mathews wrote over his rave, in 1811, this stanza: 1811, this stanza:

I leave it all to God above
To do his will and show his love,
And when he cails we will obey.
To dwell with him in endicas day.

The following, written over a babe, is in marked contrast with most of the tombstone rhymes:

Ere sin could hight or sorrow fade,

Death came with friendly care: The opening bud to heaven conveyed, And bid it blossom there. Ann James, who died in 1816, aged 76, was apparently giad to die. Her strine says:

The world is vain and full of pain, With care and fromte sore; But they are hest who are at rest With Christ forevermore. Mary McCarr sounded a solemn warning to her parents in 1816:

rents in 1816;
My parents dear, who mourn and weep,
Mahold the grave wherein I steep.
Frepare for death, for you must die
And be entombed as weil as I. Deborah Ustick said in 1816: Our life's a journey full of care, No wealth from death can save, Each see, we take more near we draw To our dark slient grave.

The following, erected in the same year, is Mireful: Why should we mourn departed friends Or shake at death's allows? The but the voice that Jesus sends To call us to be arms.

Here is another verse about a baby. It was As the sweet liewer that scents the morn, But withers in the rosing day. This sweet was this induits dawn— This sweeting field its life away.

Discontent, followed by triumph, characterizes the following placed over Mrs. Halstead in 1819:

d in 1819:
Releatings death, woulds; thou not spare
A form on lovely and so much beloved?
By the bounds of the second of the sec

Blank verse is so care that there seems to be only one other samole. It was placed A. Lawrence in 1840. He died at sea: Cold is thy brow, my son, and pale thy cheek, The bright expression of that eye has find; And thou no more with thy soft voice shall come To meet me with thy sweet "My father."

The Discouraging Experience of a Gentle-

"If a man should rob my house to-morrow and he should be caught, and the theft should him unless he had stolen property of unusual ing in business circles yesterday. "It is all what one owes to society, and the rest of it: but when you come right down to actually following up a criminal in New York, you will find that you have undertaken a disagreeable, unpleasant, and tantalizing task. I am a busy man, but I will willingly spare the necessary time for the prosecution of a criminal. It isn't the time and trouble that I object to; it is the insulting and dictatorial manner in which a man is treated by the police and judicial officials. Take my own experience as an instance. I hired a young colored man as a waiter in my house. He got drunk after about two weeks, stole a lot of drink after about two weeks, slote a lot of things, and ran away. He was captured by my own efforts and haaded over to the police. Among the things which he took was a silverhandled umbreila, a pair of opera glasses, and some shirt stuffs. The value of all the stolen property was less than \$25. Well, when the man was taken to the station house I sarreed to make a charge against him, and, after being examined by a bui-necked police Sergeant as though I was a criminal instead of the victim. I was told to be on hand at 8 o'clock the following morning at the police court. I got up as hour earlier than usual, west down to the court, and had the pleasure of waiting there among a lot of tramis, outcages, and vagrants for three mortal hours. It was toward the end of the month, and I was unusually busy. Several times I approached the Justice and his cierks, but they were so surly and sharp that I floadly resigned myself to my fate and waited until the case came up. After awhile my turn came, and after I had been builted and badgered for twenty minutes the case was sent down to the Tombs, and I was told to be there the following Tuesday at 9 o'c.ock. I was on time as usual, and as before I was obliged to wait until nearly noon in the foulest atmosphere that I ever breathed for my case to come up. I could not get a word of satisfaction from any of the court officials, and though I have been pratty much over all of the world and have, through ill and good fortune, been thrown in with various kinds of people. I must say that I never was so shabbly treated as in the Tombs Police Court. It seems to me that a gentiems of evident respectability and sincerity is entitled to a modicum of respect, even from pothouse politicians. After all my troubles the thief received a sentence of ten days imprisoment—an absurdiy light sentence, by the way; and then arose a series of annoyments in my efforts to reclaim the stolen property from police authorities which would scarcely be credited by people who have not been through the robes in a things, and ran away. He was captured by my own efforts and handed over to the police.

GOOD POINTS OF MIRRORS.

HOW PROPLE PASS BEFORE THEM. Men Look of Them Away worder, if to Public, but the Wames Always with Self-posers-sion-What Reference a Poker Player.

"Mirrors in public places serve to illus-

trate many peculiarities among New Yorkers." always paid a good deal of attention to public mirrors in my travels about the city," he continued, "and I have come to the conclusion, after many years' observation, that men look nto mirrors with greater frequency, anxiety. and interest than women do. It seems the natural and proper thing for all women (bless their pretty faces) to gaze at their reflections in the glass, but men make an awkward busi-ness of it. I often noticed in the old Broadway stages what a struggle the concelled mirror which was usually placed beneath the seats, careas their moustaches, retilt their ties. Then they would look around guiltily at the other passengers and suddenly turn to staring with an affectation of great inwished to look in the mirror in a stage she ner and look at herself squarely, plumply, and noticed the same thing in the ferry boats. Nine the cabin so as to catch a look at themselves in paddle box. Most of them do it in a shameaced and awkward way, but when a woman walks along she gazes at herself in the glass with undisturbed equanimity and satisfaction. Not more than one woman in five however. times I think this can be accounted for by the fact that women always know how they look and how they are dressed, while with men there is always more or less doubt on that subject. At other times I decide that it is

and how they are dressed, while with men there is always more or less doubt on that subject. At other times I decide that it is because women are naturally better bred and more composed in public places than men. You think there may be something in this? Way, of course there is. There is a great deal in it. Did you ever see a man and woman go into a theatre size? The woman makes down the aisle with her head in the air, her shoulders back, and an expression of caim and serene satisfaction on her face. She is not in the less tembarrassed, and is neither crushed nor arrogant. Usually the man who follows her looks meek, embarrassed, and awkward; his head hangs forward, and he sinks abruptly and submissively into nis sent as soon as he can get there, while the woman takes her own sweet time for arranging her draperless and preparing to seat herself comfortably. Take the poorer people. The factory or shop girl and her young man go down to Coney Island or Rockaway. When you see them on the street or boarding the boat she is creet, saney, wide awkse, and self-satisfied; he shambles along at her side or a little bit behind her with his shoulders and head bent forward and a hangdog and rebelilous look generally. It is so in all conditions of life.

"But to return to the mirrors. Directly opposite the Metropolitan Hotol there is a big shop which displays two full-length mirrors on the sidewalk which reflect the people walking up and down liroadway. If you want to be amused, take up a position near one of the mirrors and watch the neople as they approach them. Messenger boys straighten up, throw out their chests, swagger, smile, and feel of their down upper lips. Spruces young clerks put on a portentous scowi, pull down their was down upper lips. Spruces young clerks put on a portentous scowi, pull down their was down their coats, and put on a more jaunity appearance. Even oil men took furtively into the mirrors and they have a brightening-up feele of their house with the series and their second of the round of the round o

praced in convenient cases near the card case. Pocket mirrors are put up in all sorts of artistic forms. By the way, before I drop the subject and go home to bed. I must tell you of how a mirror reformed a young man who is now famous. Just above Twenty-seventh street, on the weat side of Broneiway, is a giove store, and between two of its windows is a mirror two or three feet broad and about six feet long. One night Henry E. Dixey, the comedian, fell in with the customary crowd of poker players at Delmonico's, and they followed the mystic art of filling straights and flushes, and practically illustraing the verb to bluff until the morning sun stole over Madison square, waked up the waiter, made the gas look half-hearted and yellow, and brought the party to a realizing sense of the situation. They all cashed in, and Mr. Dixey bade them a hurried good night and walked wearily down stairs and strolled up the east side of Broadway. It was very into. The sun was shining brightly, the cars rattled cheerfully. Ruddy-faced workmen were tramping to and fr., and the porters were washing off the sidewalks and whisting with ear-spitting cheerfulness. Just after having bassed Twenty-seventh street the comedian turned on his heel and crossed Broadway. As he stepped up on the gutter he instinctively paused and stared in front of him. There he saw a wearied-looking youth with a face that was half yellow and leaf gray, eyes that were red-lidded and embellished with deep purple rings, and lips that lacked color; the whole face expressing fatigue and disguest. Dixey looked at it for full a minute, recognized himself, straightened up, and went home. From that day he has never played draw poker."

# WHAT HE WAS THINKING ABOUT.

A Dark Man's Queer Heasons. A dark-featured little man, with a twinkle in

listing was smoking his pipe as he sat on the rail of a lishing schooner near Futton market yesterday.

"You look as if you were thinking about something, seighbor," said an idler on the pier. "No; is that so?" and the twinkle became more "Indeed you do. What was it?"

"Did you ever meet John Como?" "No; is that sof Well, he shipped into the Maric once, and when he got to the Banks he caught a wee nile of a halfbut, what weighed nigh outo ten pounds.

Twasn't much trouble to catch it, either, so he cut his nitial. J. C., into its side and chucked it overboard." nitial. J. U., into its side and concess.

Well!

Yes, I suppose so. Cuts mostly get well on Sah. So
the next year he shipped in the Mary E. McDantels. Did
you yer see her!"

"Yes, I suppose so. Cuts mostly get well on fish. So the next year he shipped in the Mary E. McDanleis. Did you year see her?"

"No, is that so? She was the finest schooner in the feat that year. You should have seen her. When Como got to the feaths and went out the first day to hould her that he same wee haibut with the in tians J. C. into its side."

The fittle man smoked vigorously for swhile, the twinkle disappearing slowly, but the niter said:
"Is inat what you were thinking of?"
"No."
"Oh, I thought it was."
"No: is that so? I'il tell you what I was 'thinking of if you want to know. Ever see the Frederic Gerring?"
"No."
"No: is that so? Capt. Ed Morris was her master. He shipped William Norton and Albert sulkey into her one trip. Norton and Snikey were chuma. They went out in the same dory one day. There was 't no san object the said in the fishing was tiptop. When the dories had been gone about twenty minutes, lept. Morris, who was on dock watching their, saw one of lieu was adrift. The next moment the men he achieve the sulkey went out with out office was defit as Norton and Snikey went out with nut they had disappeared. What do suppose happeared to them?"
"Neither can I. though I've been trying off and on ever since I saw the dory towed back to the Gerring with no men in It."

OTTAWA, July 11 .- Mr. Beaudry of the Privy Council Office is about to pressut to the Secretary of State the original manuscript register of baptisms, buri-als Ac., of Fort Duquesne, now Pittaburgh, Pa., dating A PROSPEROUS VENDER,

No Selle \$300) Worth of Sing in a Week Connection Tankers-A Street Show.

WATERPURY, July 8.- Last evening there was a large gathering of people around a plat-form erected by a Dr. Stamford, for the sale of electric belts. The audience was unusually large for any kind of show, and really anomaous for anything of this kind. Two men were

playing banjos and cracking jokes. They stopped after a few minutes, and a dap per little man steuped forward, and began a speech. He had snapping black eyes, which having once caught the spectators' glance, ap parently exercised an influence which kept the audlence listening with rapt attention till the close of his speech. He began in this way:
"I understand your doctors have conclude

to have me arrested to-night. I would really like to have them do so. But what do you hink they propose to arrest me for? I am told they want to make me show my diplome I have no doubt that I have taken a goodly number of patients out of their hands; but was it no of great benefit to those who escaped paying doctors' bills which really were not necessary I'll make a proposition to these doctors. They say I am a quack. A quack is one who makes pretensions to knowledge he does not possess. I am offering here something of which I have not yet heard in a single instance that it did not accomplish everything claimed for it. I have yet to hear of a case of sickness in which a physician has prescribe medicine with a positive certainty that it would do what was wanted. In other words, in the very nature of things mundane, medicine is nothing but a series of experiments. It is not an absolute science. Electricity is. Now, if the doctors think they know so much more than I do, and that their medicine does so much more good than electric beits, I invite them to

than I do, and that their medicine does so much more good than electric belts. I invite them to come up here, one or all, and argue the case. It would be a much more sensible thing to do than to have me arrested; that is, if they really think their side of the case so much attempt. No one wanted to argue with him, and he went on taking, and the audience applauded heartly. He was doing a rushing business.

When called on the next day he was quite frank and confidential.

"How large a demand do you find for your belts, and who buy them?" was asked.

"I sell a great many," was the reply, "and all series of people buy them. Bome tuy a belt without any talk; others want to ask questions without end, and want me to toll them what diseases are indicated by all sorts of symptoms. I have to choke them off, or I would get very little chance to sell to those who really want to buy. One man came here and said he had not been sick for years, but what he heard me say had made him think one of the belts might do him some good, and he bought one. After a while I met him, and he had the belt had done him a deal of good. I don't think he needed anything. He was as well as a man could be, but he imagined himself in better health than before. A sale to such a man is one of the best advertisements I can have, and I am not backward in letting people know of such sales."

You said you sold them on trial for six days. Do not a great many try to return them?

"You said you sold them on trial for six days. Do not a great many try to return them?"

Well, we have not had to refund much money. I can nearly always convince any one who will let me talk a wnile that the belt has not been fairly tested. Thus a man who had worn the bettone day brought it back. I asked him if he had ever been attended by a doctor, and he said he had.

And when you had taken his medicine one day, 'I said, 'did you stop it or ask him to refund because it had not be a fair wown, and a string the worn six days? Wear the best six days use of it has done you no good,

"But do you really think the belt you sell will cure disease?"
"I do not offer it as a cure for diseases of any but the most simple nature, and I really have confidence that in such cases it will prove of great tenefit."

"Your expenses must be very heavy?"
"Yoe, they are. My two performers got \$50 a week, to begin with. Then there are hotel bills for three of us, transportation, license, &c. But I make a very good profit out of it. I have soid as many as 800 of the belts in one week."
"How did you secure such good performers for this kind of work?"
Well, they had engagements in New York in the regular season, and were idle for the summer. We offered them easy work and good pay, and they took it."

## BUCK HARDING'S WINDOWS.

Through Glass Mined on the Red River. A truck driver who was staggering down Front street the other day with a long rung in his hand, accidentally put the end of the rung through a window of the barroom of the Miners Arms, the Front street resort of Western miners when in this city. The jingling glass startled a group of men who were sitting in one corner, and they gathered around while the bartender collected the price of the broken Lean, a slender young fellow, who had recently arrived from Arizona, said;

"Say. Yer lights are no good. You should see the lights as is used in New Mexico, jist beent the Pan Handle.

" What's into 'em?" said the bartender. "Do you mind Buck Harding? Buck has gone clean back on mining, and is running a ranch on the trail up the north branch of the Red. Say, Buck's jest coining wealth selling juice to the cowboys and Injuns. They don't none of them try to clean out Buck's ranch, 'cause Buck's a rustler. It's the lights what he's got into his caboose what I was mentioning to you. Now whar do you think he corralled

cause Buck's a rustier. It's the lights what he's got into his caboose what I was mentioning to you. Now whar do you think he corrailed them lights?"

"Are they way up?"

"Weil, now, you jest bet yer boots they're way up. Didn't I teil ye Buck war a rustler? Say, them lights is four feet by live, and he has three on 'em into one eend of the caboose and four under the plazzy."

"Hauled 'em all the way from Kansas City, I reckon," said the bartender,

"Kansas City be blowed! They'd cost \$5,000, maybe \$10,000, to bring 'em from kansas City, and these 'ere never cost Buck one bloomin' ounce of dust, They didn't cost him nothin'. He dug 'em outen the bank of the river, not more'n fifteen mile from the caboose."

The bartender laughed and the rest joined him. Archie shoved his soft hat back on his head, and said angriy:

"Say, you galoots think I'm a liar. Ef I don't prove what I say I'll licker the crowd. Gimme my sarytogy."

Tho bartender fished a wedge-shaped satchel made of brilliant carpeting from a locker behind the bor, and placed it on a bench. While the crowd looked on Archie brought out from the middle of a let of blue overalis and fannel shirts a hundle about six inches square and an inch thick. He at once began onwrapping the pleces of newspaper that covered it, and when he had removed sloven wrappers he held in his hand what seemed to be a plece of glass, very cear, but with a faint yellowish tage. The edges, however, showed that it was not glass.

"What do you call that?" said Archie. "I got that outen the p ace where Buck got hissen. The bluffs is a hundred feet high, and cropping outen the middle of them is leaves of this 'ere natteral glass as would cover the whole of New York and never shut out a glim of the blooming light of the sum. What do you call it if it isn't natteral glass?"

It's gypeum" said an old gentleman, who had adjusted a pair of spectacles over his nose while examining the specimen of natural glass.

"Archie is all right. I have heard that on the three branches of the fied River the

## An Old Hunter Killed by a Buck. OLEAN, N. Y., July 11.-Orrin Walcott, aged 70,

was one of the oldest hunters and trappers in McKean county. Pa. For over fifty years he lived near Port

was one of the older many thrilling adventures during his life in the woods. Near the head waters of one of the branches of the Allegheny River there is a deer lick, one that has been visited by hunters ever since the first settlers came into the region. A few days ago Waicott and his aonin-law went to the deer lick to watch for deer. They remained in ambush all night, but din not get a shot at a deer. In the morning the old man had he some in-law to the deer lick to watch for deer. They remained in ambush all night, but din not get a shot at a deer. In the morning the old man had he some in-law to stream two unite, while he strack through the words with his gou. He said he would meet his son-in-law at an old sail spring two miles down the creek. The sonin law watter until night, but the old man did not appear, and it was thought that he had struck the trail of a deer and was following it. Three days passed, and Walcott not having returned, a search was made for him. His dead hody was found yesterday in a daise force, tour unite from the sail itek. His gun was lving twenty feet away, empty. His clothing was badly torn, and three wers bruese on his head and breast. From the autroundings if was apparent that there had been a server structle. The opining is that the old inner had wonded a hurk, which had terried on him and trampted hum to death.

## COURTESY AMONG SMOKERS.

THEY SHOULD ALL CARRY MATCHES Then They Will He in No Danger of Co

er a Light-He In-sited the Gentlema A dapper young man rose from one of the ettees on the veranda of the Brighton beach lotel, and drawing a cigar from his portet approached a gray-bearded man with a polite request for a light. The old gentleman paffed away at his cigar serency, and after an ex-baustive examination of his pockets said:

"The fact that I have not got a match get a light at the cigar stand. If you do not know its location, I shall take pleasure in guiding you to it."

"Thank you sir," replied the roung man, flushing angrily. "If I were so unfortunate as to occasion you any trouble, I should never forgive myself." A well-known physician of this city, who had

overheard the conversation between the men, rubbed his hands gleefully and said: "That cld man is just one mass of good, ound common sense. One of the greatest evils that smokers are subject to is the mis-taken idea that courtesy compels them to let every Tom, Dick, and Harry handle their cigara know men who would risk their lives at moment's notice to oblige a friend, but who haven't sufficient moral courage to keep their cigars inviolate. Suppose my cigar is half or or three-quarters smoked up, do you suppose

I am going to let a stranger handle it and then return it to my mouth? A man of sense or thought won't ask or expect it."

Buppose a gentleman asked you for a light, and upon your refusing should ask you for your reasons, what would you say?"

He would have no coosaion to make any such request, because I should hand him one of the matches which I always carry, as much for the bonelt of other persons as for myseif. I should consider such a request, under any circumstances, a piece of impertinence, because I should not be a long and perhaps interesting separation, and I'll began explaining my action it would be a long and perhaps interesting separation, and I'll bet that by the time I got through the man would never again ask anybody for a light, and never again return a cigar to his mouth if any stranger had handled it. Just consider for one moment the number of perisonous substances that are handled every day, not only by mechanics and clarks and physicians. A drug clerk is engaged in compounding a prescription. The last narrodion the used is a deady poleon. He runs over a sex asks contor light. You hand him your cicar, and when he returns it to you it is unit for you to put into your mouth. He touscoh has absorbed a bad flay or or the smallest magnin to feel uncomfortable, and then you began to be long and throw it away. Of curse it never occurs to you to sit down and think how many man have handled that eight a five you began smoking it.

I have seen a physician stor a surviced on the samil quantity of brass dust adhering to it. This sugar weed in lighting other eights. A brass finisher on his way home from work boverows your cigar. He returns it to you with a samil quantity of brass dust alhering to it. This sugar weed in lighting other eights. A hand became stiff and swollen, and finishers it was in the proposed of the same clust used in lighting other eights. A brass finisher on his way home from work however over the first of many the proposed in the survival of the proposed in the survival of the propose

clothing about 200 feet away. Then I looked at the dirty follows before me and concluded ourrender my cigar, and punish them in three-ing it away when it was returned to me. I accordingly handed it over. The feel we miny threw away the stump he held in his hand and placed my cigar between his lips. Then being the direct and said:

"That's for insultin' a gentleman."

BLEVATED RITHWAY MAILS.

The Change Rapid Transit has Brought About in Postal Communication. People who regularly ride in the first car of the trains on the elevated rouds frequently see on the Third and Sixth evenue lines a man in uniform taking

on and throwing off mail bags.

"There are four of us on each line," said one of the uniformed men yesterday. "A man leave each rid of the line every hour. He has with him mail base for each of the intermediate stations between Harism and the main office. On the Third aronue line he finds new waling for him with mail bars at Ninth, Iwent with, Fifty ninth, and Righty-fourth streets. He takes what they have and delivery whatever has been most up at the end of the route for turn. On the west sole the statute and of the route for turn. On the west sole the statute and of the route for turn. On the west sole the statute and a state of the route for turn. On the west sole the statute and a state of the route for turn, and Fifteet enters, at State the state of the s ing for him with mail bags at Ninth Iwent - ghth

OLEAN, N. Y., July 11 .- One of the many odd callings which the production and popeline transports tion of permianum have made necessary, is one wower of "chasing the scraper," Crude performing is real from the oil regions to the refluence at the seatons of a detance of the miles, in from pipes. It is torout over the high hills that interroce by powerful planes. Nuch of the way it runs by its own gravity. These constantly becoming closped by sediment and parallile. To clean them out an iron stem, two feet and a half long, to which are attached circular steel scrapers filling. loosely in the pipos, is placed in the type of regular periods. This is forced along the line by the pre-sufe of the oil belind it. It is necessary to keep track of the scraper, in order that its exact location only become known, so that it it is stopped by any one large it resultly discovered and the obstacle removed and early in the irror of the irror scraper, in order that its exact location may be

The will of the late Mrs. Hannah Jones Dobias of Youkers was recorded yesterday in office. It bequesths \$1,000 to St. John's P. E. ... Youkers, to be used to paying off part of the

DAMARISCOTTA Me. July 11.-In F. incom